

# FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS

VOL. 2 NO. 5

APRIL 1936

10 CENTS.





# The Editor Sez

This being April, we feel like waxing historical again. April is an interesting month and it is nice to know something of the origin and history of the months.

April is from the Latin word, *aperire*; to open. As the buds begin to open at this time of year it is aptly named. Originally it had but twenty nine days, Julius Caesar added a day making it the present thirty days.

We all know about April Fool's Day, or as it was known in olden times as All Fools' Day. Nothing is known of the origin of the day and the most exhaustive research fails to give any clew. It is thought by some to have been a day set aside as a recognition of the ancient court fools, a sort of an open season for them when they could disport themselves with impunity and without fear. These court fools for the most part were intellectually clever fellows and their masters know their value. Behind their merry quips and foolish sayings, were words of wisdom.

In "Poor Robins Almanack" (1700) are the following lines: "The first of April some do say, is set apart for All Fools' Day." Chaucer, who is known as the father of English poetry wrote sometime about 1360 to 1400, these lines, in the quaint old English style of the day: "Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote (sweet) the drogte of March hath perced to the rote. (root)

Yes, April showers do bring May flowers, buds and poetry, but in New York, it brings new suits, baseball and Spring fever.



— AN OPAQUER BUYS A SUIT —



# TINNYPIES

by Roberta



EDDIE NOLAN, pardon, "Edward" J. Stodsworth Nolan, Esq. was born in New York City. Inwood to be exact. Eddie is the oldest child in a family of nine including his Mammy and Pappy. He must have been encouragement to his parents. His childhood was spent in the Dykman Theatre. Of course the theatre couldn't stay open all the time, so inbetween times Eddie attended P. S. 52. He was a star pupil as far as being kept in was concerned. Eddie was considered quite a scrapper as a kid, but didn't win any silver belts or golden gloves. His childhood ambitions were not outstanding but since he has grown up he has an ambition to

win an Irish Sweepstakes. That's just the Irish in him.

Eddie has a hearty appetite and goes in a big way for "bodatoes", baked beans and of course spinach. Being six feet high and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, he needs those good old solid muscle builders. Yes, he drinks milk too, and likes it. He also says that he eats shredded wheat in bed. Eddie claims he isn't superstitious but he knows that if he doesn't get enough sleep, he is going to be tired the next day.

Eddie likes gray suits and he looks very snappy in them. He smokes a pipe so the cigarette kibitzers haven't much pickin's. He has brown hair and a pair of blue eyes with eyelashes that any girl would envy. His hobbies are making greeting cards for his wife and trying to sell sweepstakes tickets. Eddie is one of those hot or cold people. He either likes a thing or doesn't. For instance it's thumbs down for girls with too much make up or tomato juice for breakfast.

He came to the Studio in 1931, as an opaquer and went through the usual route, inking, inbetweening, etc. At present he is a member of Willard Bowsky's animation group. Previous to all this Eddie had done commercial art.

He is inclined to athletics and has won a number of trophies. At one time he was a bicycle rider at the New York Velodrome. He also belonged to the Holy Name Club and distinguished himself as a long distance runner. While on the subject of foot work, Eddie has an ambition to learn the Westchester, but as he cannot carry a tune, not even in a basket, it looks hopeless.

Eddie is a rare avis, he likes to carry bundles or shop. He is very fond of dogs and especially wired haired terriers. One can picture Eddie with a dog out for a walk. He takes such long strides that it wouldn't be a walk, it would be a run.

The first day Eddie appeared at the studio, Mary Patrick was seated at the switchboard. Upon seeing her, Eddie sez to himself, sez he, "That's the girl I'm going to marry". Four years later he did. On December 1st, 1934, Mary became Mrs. Nolan. They took up housekeeping in Brooklyn but Eddie missed Inwood, so they are back in his familiar stamping ground.

Eddie possesses quick Irish wit and is never at loss for a snappy retort. Everyone knows his favorite or most characteristic expression: "Here's the thing, Willard".



# THE RESULTS OF THE RECENT INKING 'UROE'...

MORNING---



"WILL-YAM!  
STOP DRAWING ON THEM  
HARD BOILED EGGS AN-  
EAT 'EM!!!"

NOON---



(ANY RESTAURANT  
OWNED  
WITHIN 10  
MILES OF  
48TH ST.)

"POPEYES AN' BETTY BOOPS  
ON ALL MY TABLECLOTHS!  
I'M RUINED!!"

-AN' NIGHT---

"CLEANIN' INK OFF GALS'  
BACKS IS ALL I BEEN  
DOIN' SENCE TH' DANCE  
BEGAN!!"



RUTH  
LAMMEY

+ G.R.H.



# TIN TYPES

by Roberta



SYDEL SOLOMON was born in Russia, but she came to New York when she was eight months old, so doesn't remember much of the home land. Her childhood was spent in Brooklyn and she attended school in that city. Sydel says she never played hockey from school which may be taken to mean that she liked her studies. She had no particular childhood ambitions but since she has grown up, she confesses that there is nothing in the world she would rather be than a poetess. It is little wonder that her chief hobbies are writing and poetry. She loves to read, especially non-fiction. She is also a cross word puzzle addict. Sydel just recently completed a course of English Literature at Columbia University. She likes to be alone and that is the best way to be when one likes to read.

Sydel has a perfectly normal appetite, very large when hungry and very small when not hungry, but she likes stale cake anytime. She is very fond of flowers, any kind. The favorite color is blue, but doesn't feel that way very often. She loves the sunshine and that probably explains that. What does seem odd, is the fact that she likes to walk in the rain. What she does to keep dry is a mystery, as she detests carrying either an umbrella or rubbers. She is a moody person and that may explain things. She is very fond of music and the theatre but doesn't go for the movies. One of Sydel's best qualities is the fact that she has no temper, or at least not too much. And if folks wouldn't tickle her or try to, her temper would be zero.

In the athletic department, Sydel likes to swim and play tennis. Horseback riding, at which she is good, also is a major sport with her. Right here is a good spot for the story about the time she went riding and the horse walked into a pool and stood there. Sydel didn't know how to get out. Must have been one of those sea horses. The horse probably considered whom he was carrying and -- oh well, he just got hot feet and stepped into the pool to cool his dogs. And while on the subject of horses, Sydel is no clothes horse, but she does dress neatly. She goes in for those sporty togs, which she can wear with considerable distinction. Her five feet five inches of height, brown eyes and brown curly hair together with the one hundred and twenty five pounds of weight, lend themselves well to her style of dress.

Sydel attended Hebrew School, also the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. Not the least of her abilities is her voice. She has applied herself to singing and possesses a really fine soprano voice. It is admitted that once upon a time, when she was a tiny girl, she ate, alone and unaided, a five pound box of candy.

For some reason or other she is the despair of the sales people. Whether she doesn't know what she wants, or maybe it's the sales people don't know what she wants. But they have an awful time getting together on anything.

Sydel's identifying mark is a mole on her right shoulder.

She came to the Studio in 1931 and at the present writing is holding forth in the Inking Department.

Like most people she likes to sleep, but isn't a glutton about it. Eight hours seems to satisfy her. She likes animals but would prefer a dog. She couldn't ride him, but if he got into a pool of water she would know what to do.

Some day she is going to have one and while wishing, she will wish for a trip to Hawaii, a place that she dreams about. Well there are worse things to dream about.

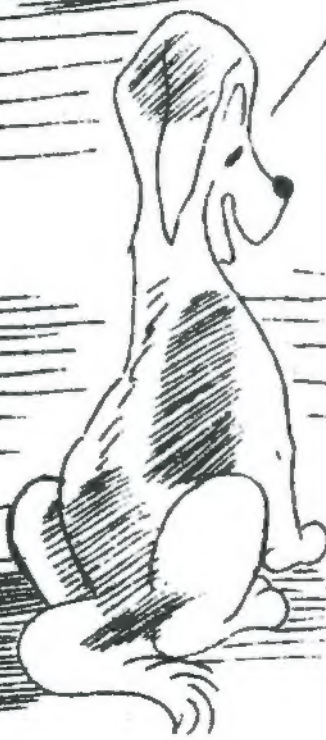
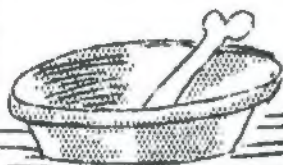


90H2

T E P



THAT'S MAX FLEISCHER-  
SHE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT-  
WANTS TO GET A JOB  
AS PUDGY'S LEADING  
LADY !!



GELLER

### TO THE EASTER BUNNY

Once long ago, when rabbits were quite new upon the earth,  
They over estimated their ability and worth,  
They always curled their whiskers, and rouged their furry cheeks,  
When bunny went to a barber shop, he stayed for weeks and weeks.

The King of all the fairies, bet his wife a fairy dime,  
That he would make those rabbits stop wasting precious time,  
So he called his elves and goblins, and a half a dozen sprites,  
And gave them special orders to set the thing to rights.

The fairies stole the rouge-pots and the bunny's lipsticks too,  
And they made a great big bon-fire, as the King said they should do,  
Then they took the little powder puffs, and made them into tails,  
And nailed them to the bunnies with some painless fairy nails,  
For they reasoned such a hiding place would be quite hard to find,  
'Cause rabbits, like good soldiers, will never look behind.

And from that day to this one, for so the legend goes,  
You'll always find, a rabbit has a pink and shiny nose,  
And if anyone should ask just why this is, my friend,  
You can say it's 'cause his powder puff is at the other end.

Sadie Klein.

-----  
To Sadie Klein  
or A Response to a Recent Poem.

I'm just an innocent bystander,  
But I think that Edith is right.  
You might have a suit of slander,  
'Til you prove barking dogs don't bite.

I've been here for quite some time now,  
And haven't seen much of your stuff, Miss,  
So come out and take a bow now  
To prove that you did write before this.

However until that time comes,  
I think that you're really all wet,  
You did steal your stuff from Edith,  
And I'll put up most all that you'll bet.

Larry Lippman.

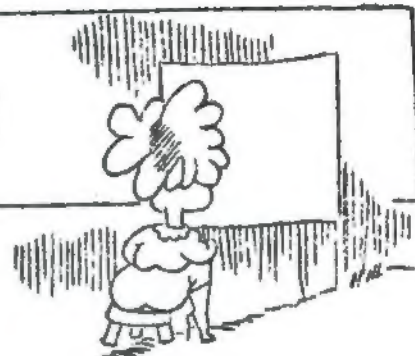






# NORMA FAY'S

## PREVIEWS



### "I FEEL LIKE A FEATHER IN THE BREEZE"

Animation by:

Tom Johnson     Harold Walker  
Dave Hoffman     Otto Feuer

Scenario by:

DAVE FLEISCHER  
JACK WARD

Jack Denny and his famous orchestra add to the success of this screen song as they play "I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze." Their lilting rhythms serve as a melodious background for the latest, and craziest antics of Wiffle Piffle, who portrays the goofiest waiter to ever grace (or disgrace) a night club.

The action takes place atop a roof-garden, which features Jack Denny's orchestra as part of the entertainment, during which Wiffle Piffle makes his way from table to table, serving the patrons some of the strangest concoctions imaginable, in a most haphazard manner.

The cartoon ends with Wiffle becoming entangled in a huge order of spaghetti. As he struggles to free himself, the spaghetti gradually disappears and we see that he is drawing it all into his mouth, causing him to swell to twice his size.

A series of very clever gags, which occur in rapid succession, provide continuous laughter all through the cartoon.

\*\*\*\*\*

### "WE DID IT"

Animation by:

Willard Bowsky     Geo. Germanetti  
Ed Nolan     Orestes Calpini  
Lod Rossner

Scenario by:

WM. GILMARTIN  
WARREN FOSTER

Our little friend Pudgy, finds himself in a lot of trouble when he tries to play guardian to a trio of mischievous kittens.

Betty Boop ties Pudgy to the radiator before she leaves the house, glances tenderly at three innocent looking kittens who appear to be sleeping peacefully in a basket, then goes out the door. No sooner does the door close when the fun begins! The kittens open their eyes, jump up and get themselves into all sorts of messes. Pudgy slips out of his bonds and tries to stop them, but by the time he succeeds, the house is in complete disorder.

Betty returns and blames Pudgy, but when she spansks him, the little kittens confess in song that they did it. Betty apologizes to Pudgy and gives him a big plate of ice cream, which he generously shares with the kittens.

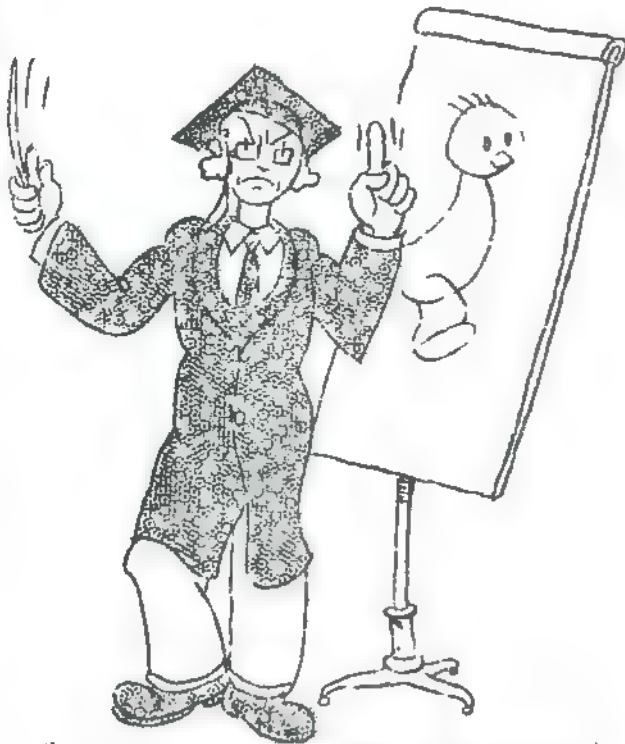


# HA-LITES OF THE MONTH

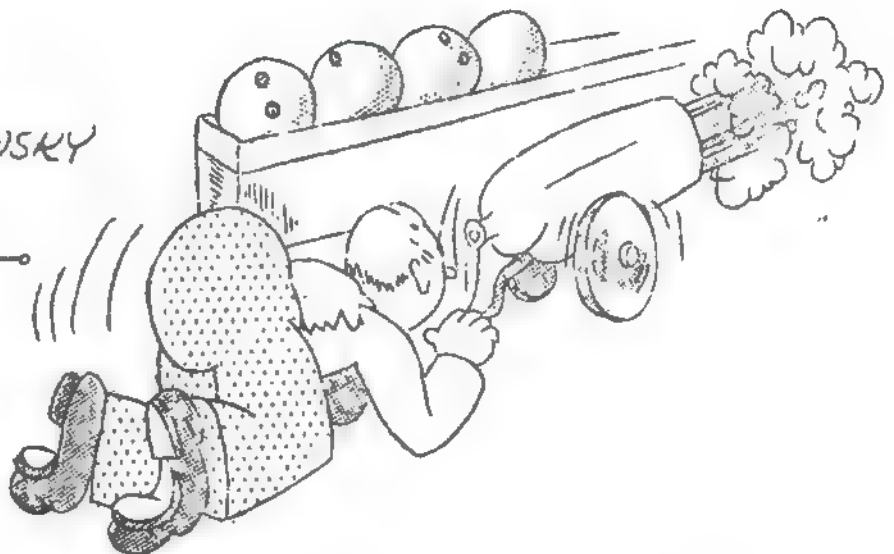
BY ED GREEN



MARILYNN WERNER'S  
FLIGHT TO DETROIT FOR  
HER VACATION



"PROF." WILLARD BOWSKY  
CONDUCTING HIS  
ANIMATION CLASS



THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT  
STARTS!



# he RAMBLING REPORTER

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE LENDING LIBRARY IDEA?



Marion White:  
"I don't know what to say. I do think it's a good idea though, and I've enjoyed the books I've borrowed from it."

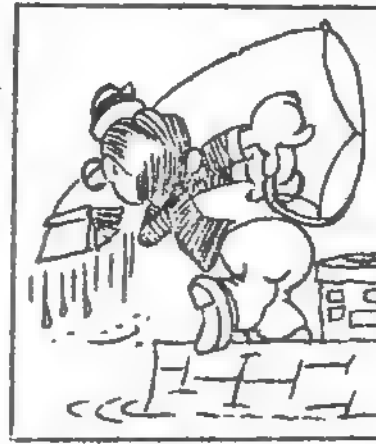


Tom Johnson:  
"A swell idea! Reading good books at reasonable rental fees plus helping the Relief Fund at the same time, sounds like a perfect arrangement to me. Even if I haven't had a chance to

complete a book since I was in knee pants.

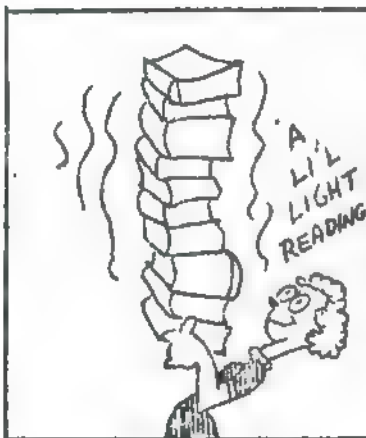


Ruth Lamney:  
"I think it's a grand idea. Every one seems to be enthused about it. I find it much handier than the lending library that is in my neighborhood."



Arthur Groggin:  
"Toll the dear public that a lot of people here need a lot of 'book larnin'. Background Department excluded though. Yes, I think it's a good idea and as soon as the floods recede in Pennsylvania, I'll

collect the books that I have there and donate a few."



Selma Ginsberg:  
"I think it's just swell, and it's so convenient. Besides enjoying a book, we're helping the Relief Fund."

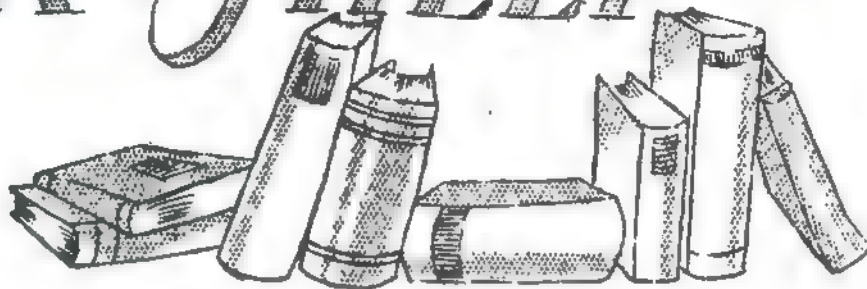


Tom Moore:  
"I think it's an excellent idea, except for the inbetweeners, they haven't enough time to read. They're kept busy trying to read animator's notes. Would you like a couple of hair raising mysteries?"

(Ed. note: "They didn't do you much good, did they?")



# BOOK SHELF



The following are the recent additions to the library.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS  
AARON'S ROD  
A SON OF HAGAR  
ANNUAL SURVEY OF AMER. CHEMISTRY  
BEAU IDEAL  
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY  
CHAINS  
THE DAUGHTER OF ANDERSON CROW  
THE EXILE  
FIRE OF YOUTH  
GALAHAD  
GENERAL CHEMISTRY  
THE GREEN HAT  
THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS  
THE LAST PURITAN  
LOTTERY  
MAN OF STRIFE  
THE NEST  
OVERTAKEN  
THE PALGRAVE MUMMY  
THE PROFESSORS LIKE VODKA  
ROSA MONDI  
THE ROUGH RIDERS  
THE SCARLET LETTER  
SHOW BOAT  
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS  
TEXTBOOK OF GEN'L BOTANY  
TITANS  
THE UNDERCURRENT  
DECORATIVE DESIGN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY  
D. H. LAWRENCE  
HALL CAIN  
C. WEST  
P. C. WREN  
T. WILDER  
THEODORE DREISER  
G. B. MCCUTCHEON  
PEARL BUCK  
M. PEDLER  
JOHN ERSKINE  
J. KENDALL  
MICHAEL ARLEN  
ETHEL M. DELL  
J. SANTAYNA  
W. E. WOODWARD  
J. WILSON  
ANNE SEDGWICK  
L. RISING  
F. PETTEE  
HAROLD LOEB  
ETHEL M. DELL  
H. HAGEDORN  
N. HAWTHORNE  
EDNA FERBER  
WARWICK DEEPIING  
HOLMAN AND ROBBINS  
CHARLES GUERNON  
R. GRANT  
JOSEPH CHASE

\*\*\*\*\*

We are very grateful to the following donors for the books they so graciously contributed: Vera Coleman, Wanda Silvey, Ted Vosk, Lorraine Christianson and Nellie Sanborn.

May we again remind you that if any of you have a book or two to give us we will be more than glad to accept.

Ellen Jenssen

Roberta Whitehead



On May 4th, 1936, the Studios will issue to all Service Certificate holders - new certificates bearing the number of years of service with the company up to May 4th, 1936.

New employees who have been with the company for two years will receive their first Service Certificate.

Since these Service Certificates were first issued by the company, cash dividends have been paid to holders from time to time.

The total amount that the company has paid out on these Service Certificates since they were first issued up to date is \$2,318.00 to 69 members of the organization.

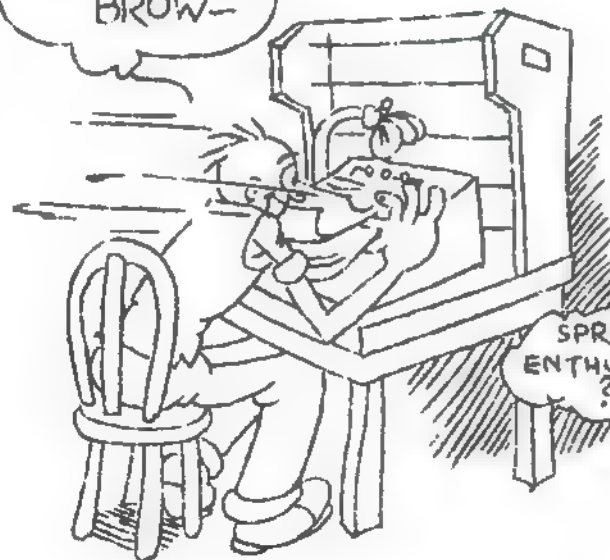
Thirteen members have been with the company for over nine years, two of them have reached the sixteen year mark, one fifteen years, two fourteen years, one thirteen years, three ten years and four nine years. The thirteen members will have their certificates framed and hung in the Conference Room on the 5th floor under the title of "Service Honor Roll".



# 'TIS SPRING!

BY JASON

AHH!  
FAN MAH?  
BROW—



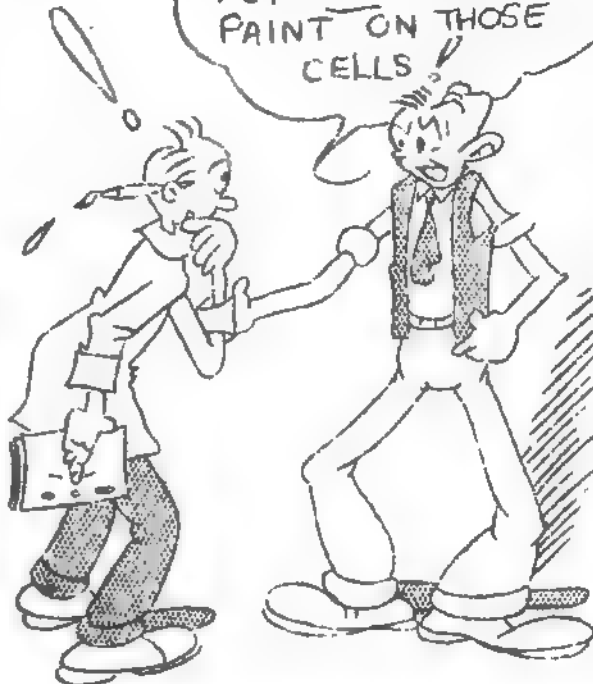
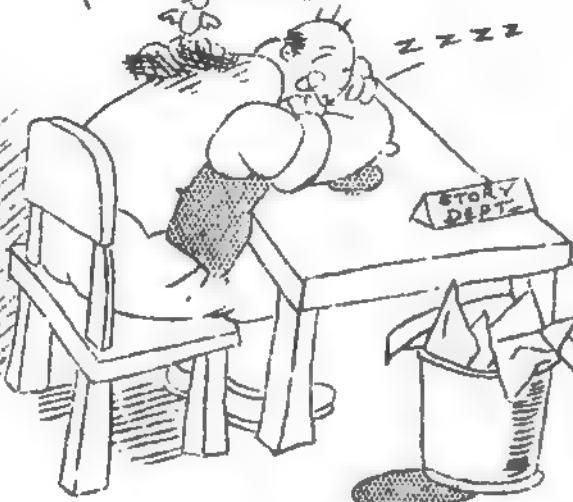
SPRING-  
ENTHUSIAST?

NO-  
ANIMATOR!

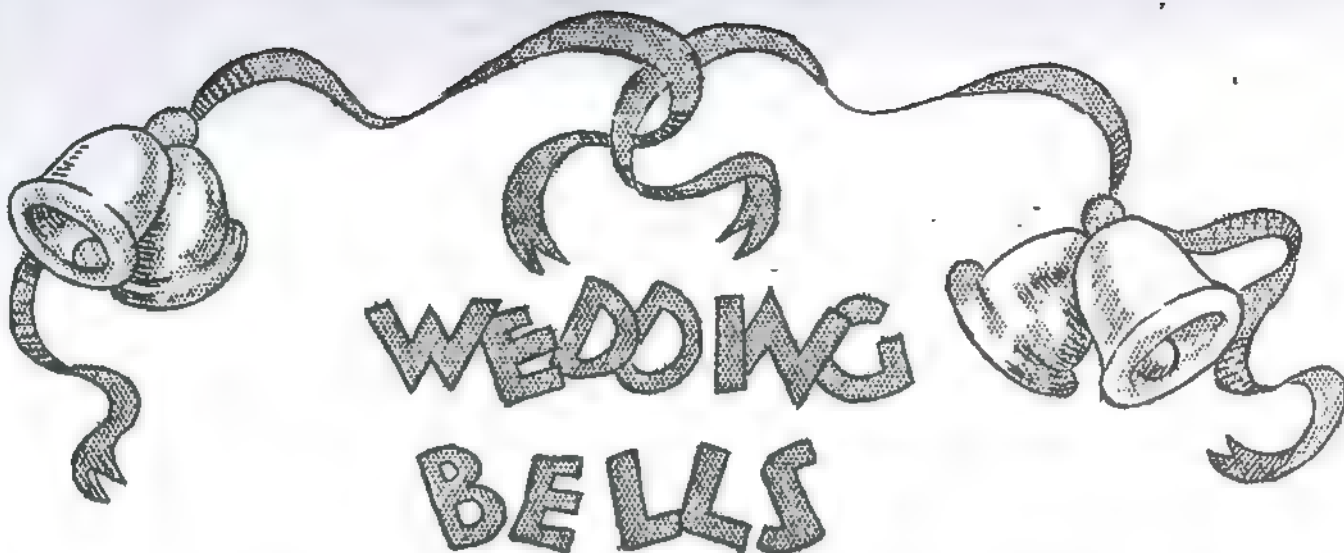


MAYBE WITH  
THIS WARMER  
WEATHER YOU'LL ONLY  
PUT ONE COAT OF  
PAINT ON THOSE  
CELLS!

TWEET!  
TWEET!







On March 28th, Mike Maltese and Florence Sass became Mr. and Mrs. Mike Maltese. They were married in New York City. Warren Foster officiated as best man. It was a small wedding with only a few friends present. The newlyweds are making their home in New York City.

The Studio and the Animated News extend their very best wishes.

.....

The Miriam Schlepp - Joseph Reiss wedding is scheduled for April 22nd. They will be married at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn, New York, and spend their honeymoon in Canada. They will make their home in Brooklyn, upon their return.

The Studio is united in extending best wishes to the future Mr. and Mrs. Reiss.

.....

Don Figlozzi and Anne Gianatasia will be married on April 25th at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Brooklyn. Don's brother will be best man and the bride's sister will be maid of honor. It will be a small wedding with only the immediate families present. The bridal couple will domicile in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn.

The entire Studio joins in wishing them health, wealth, and much happiness.

# POETS

# PAGE

## SPRIG.

I yeard to write a liltig poeb,  
About the beauties of the Sprig,  
To tell of how I log to roab,  
Id beadows greed where robids sig,  
Ad yet, despite it's bloobig flow'rs,  
The Sprig for be do beauty hodes,  
Dot while I'b spedig all those hours,  
Dursig these dabbed Sprigtibe codes.

William Rolffs.

## TO SADIE KLEIN.

If you're a male!  
There is some dear person named Klein,  
Who copies his writing from mine,  
If this means a fight  
On a dark lonesome night  
"Come up and see me sometime."

If you're a female!  
There is a young lady named Klein,  
Whose writing is so much like mine,  
So I know you agree  
'Cause she does write like me  
That her poetry, therefor is fine!  
Edith Vernick.

## TO NORMA.

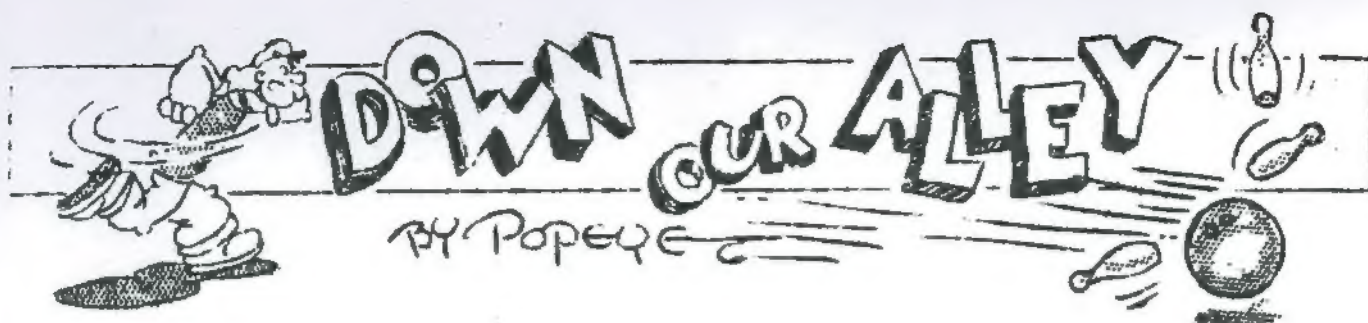
Norman Fain is learning to play  
The piano, and over the p.a.  
You're liable to hear,  
"Calling Bill VanDerveer"  
With a piano accompaniment, hoy! hoy!  
Roberta Whitehead.



AW GEE !!  
DOPEYE -- COULDN'T  
YOU HAVE PICKED  
ICE CREAM INSTEAD  
OF SPINACH TO GIVE  
YOU VITALIKY- ???  
....



M. A. P. E. S. E.



After 23 weeks of bowlin', an' tha's a lotta Tuesdays, the Fleischer Bowlin' Club ended the regular season Tuesday, April 2 ... But hostilikies hasn't ceased yet. They're now goin' thru four weeks of tourmanent play for trophies, prizes, etc. The final standin' shows Schettler in first place; Paiker second; and Sparber third. This is no susprise because they been the Musselinies all season. An' tha's a fack!

Bowlin' seems to be one of them games where a player reaches a certain high pernt, after several years of practice, then don't get no better -- or no worse. The unchanged positions of the players, after about 200 games, proves this. In other words, tocknickly speakin', the first man was first; the second man was second; and the Stimson man was last pracktickly all season.

Durin' the tourmanent the players will be given handicaps, accordin' to their abilikiy, and anything might happen. But I sez the men who finished 1 - 2 - 3 in the seasons play are goner finish 1 - 2 - 3 in the tourmanent. Bowlin' is one game, as I knows it, where class will toll and where players don't improve over night.

There will be three gorsh darned swell cups awarded as first, second and third prizes, and other prizes, consistin' of Gold wrisk watches, Travelin' bags, Bowlin' balls, Military sots and a desk set will be put up for the players to win. There's also a Booby prize tha's a sweetpatootie. This tourmanent is goner be worth watchin', an' just to be different - may someone besides the best man win . . . Here's the final standin' of the season:

PLAYER	GAMES	AVERAGE
Schettler	190	176.96
Paiker	202	174.58
Sparber	174	166.64
D. Fleischer	84	164.20
Bowsky	148	163.23
M. Fleischer	158	161.10
Turner	152	159.33
Buchwald	182	158.24
Gilmartin	177	156.01
Kneitel	154	154.03
L. Fleischer	189	149.58
Schenk	202	145.41
Stimson	118	133.38



## ARMY DAY

T'was Army Day  
Hip! Hip! Hooray!  
And freezing in the shade.

The three of us  
We suffered much,  
To see Tom Moore parade.  
Esther, Sydel and Edith.

\*\*\*\*\*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

George A. Germanetti . . . . .	GAG
William A. Sturm . . . . .	WAS
Tom A. Moore . . . . .	TAM
Gordon A. Sheehan . . . . .	GAS
Carl O. Wessler . . . . .	COW
James A. McCabe . . . . .	JAM

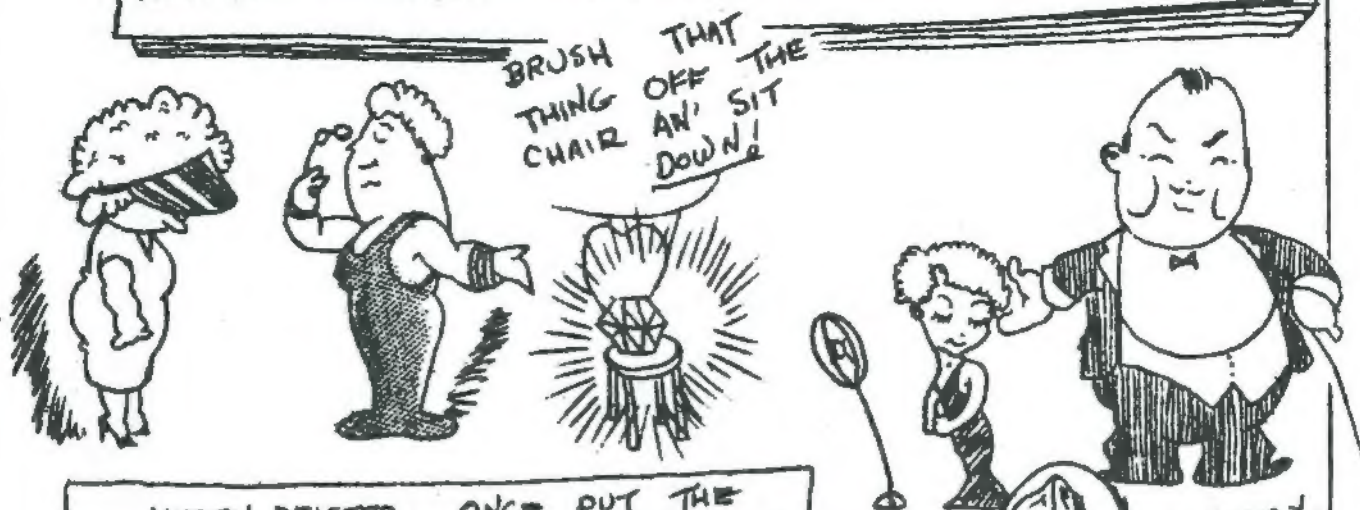


DO YOU KNOW THAT—

BY  
G. G. HILL



SAUL KESSLER, DREW TWO POSTERS WHICH  
HELPED TO SELL LIBERTY BONDS DURING THE WAR



KITTY PFISTER ONCE PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A PICTURE PRODUCED BY MRS. EDW. MACLEAN, OWNER OF THE FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND — ?

**AND THAT**

MARION HALSE  
COPPED FIRST PRIZE  
IN A PAUL WHITEMAN RADIO  
AUDITION A FEW YEARS BACK?

1. SORRY, I  
PAUL,  
WE NEED  
A SPECIAL  
CAMERA  
FOR  
PANORAMA  
SHOTS.



# DOWN THE STUDIO LANE

Sylvia Friesner is receiving notes via the apple route. Wish they would get a new cut-out of Popeye for outside the Trans-Lux Theatre. The one they have doesn't do our hero justice. Ellen Jenssen and Jay Richard smoke the same pipe. George Germanetti suggests that Studio Lane be titled "Notes To You." Hix Lokey is the proud daddy of a lovely baby girl. The wee newcomer will be named Louise. Betty Kafka is back wielding the brush after a recent attack of measles. Leon Jacobson is now a member of Aaron's clan. Lotsa luck.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! All you borrowers from Kitty Pfister's Konvenience Klub. Will you kindly make some effort to repay the borrowed money. There are several of you that have received money as far back as November of last year and no effort has been made to repay this. To you and you and you guilty ones, Kitty will expect to hear from you shortly. Remember the club is unable to function if several of you persist in tying up the funds.

Welcome home Marilynn Werner. Marilynn's traveling hours were spent in the sky. She has been vacationing in Detroit. Irving Levine and Tony Pinelli are now in the Inbetweening Department. Thanx for your recent note Mr. Kibitser. What happened to the other one? Herman Cohen and Vita Fischman are picking up a broken thread. Who thinks Robert Barbour is nosey? Larry Lippman is trying to stop smoking. The model boat building epidemic has caught up with Aaron Krawetz. Betty Meininger has up and left us. She has returned to her native Denver, Colorado, with a promise or was it a threat that she'd be back.

Herbert Goldberg finds his way over to Ruth Kuss' desk. If Ruth's plans work, by the time you are reading this she will be on her way to Havana, Cuba. Debbie Zuckerman, a former inker, was storked recently. It's a girl, Wendy Elizabeth. Harry Ritterband, Milton Fino, Leonard McCormick and Bill Hines on a fishing trip a couple Satdees ago caught 110 flounders ranging from 1½ to 2 lbs. Bet the fish were glad when our camera boys went home. Robert Loft is moustache raising. Have you noticed the incresase in notes? Must be Spring.

Now that baseball season is close at hand, memories of last year's game comes into mind. Anyone wishing to play please get in touch with Bill Turner or Larry Lippman. The single men were the victors over the married men last year, with a score of 7 to 6. This year however, the husbands plan to turn the tables. We shall see. Sam Robinson is looking for a handball partner. Milton (baggage car) Nadel won a couple of dollars for a Policy Pete joke a week or two ago. Beatrice Skolnick is hiding behind a pair of dark glasses. Has Pauline Kaufman blessed you too?